THE OUT-OF-COLLEGE GIRL TER TRIALS IN BEING ACCEPTED AS

people Who Think They Must Choose Profound Topics When They Talk with the Girl Graduate—Two of Them Discuss Their Position When College Days End. pur education is a millstone about our necks," sched the fair haired college graduate, pensively. She selected another chocolate from the box beste her and leaned back against the cushions. We have to live it down as if we had committed

erime, she added.

'I know, assented her companion. "Humorper put the college girl in their lunny papers with ortarboard and gown on, and label her with ome senseless toke, as if she were an animal in s human menageric. Poets dedicate verses to be Normal College Girl whom they dispose of by saying they have never met her. It must be because their eyesight isn't good." The blackget college graduate made a vicious lunge at the piece of cheese she was cutting up for a welsh mbbit as she said this, and pricked her finger with the knife point. "Then they all, "she conshued, scowling at her finger, "join in a grand bue and cry against the deplorable selfconscious ness of the college woman. People never can se their own faults, you know. For instance, you don't realize that you are just as lazy now m when I used to pick up your half of the room st college. But I'm not as softhearted as I was; fre hurt my finger, and you'll have to finish cut-

ung up this choese The lair-haired girl reached over for the plate of cheese with the smile that had made her fresh-man fact in college ready to run their feet off at her bidding. She took the pieces up and cut them evenly. Then she looked at the pile adminingly. "I certainly can do it very nicely when try," she said. "I really can't see that my knowledge of Anglo-Saxon roots and the illad has interfered seriously with my feminine ac-complishments. That was the President's strong point you know, that you would make a better rook, for instance, for having a college course. I don't think it's changed me much. I'm just as fond of chocolates as I ever was. These of yours are particularly good."

"Yes," responded the dark-eyed graduate. they were sent me by one of the most sensible men of my acquaintance. I believe he knows Sanscrit and Hebrew and half a dozen other languages as I know English, and he is clever enough to give me violets and candy. But there are ten like him, few like him," she said, shaking her head gloomily. "Most of them think that a reatise on Punctuation, or on Primordial Protoplasms, or Subliminal Consciousness, much more fitting for a college woman. There's a whole row of the books up there, now. I cut the pages with a hatpin for the sake of looks. Would "No," answered the other, with a sigh." I have

them, too, ad nauseam. That's the only Latin I remember except 'Omnia Gallia'. Yet it takes all my woman's wit to convince the people I meet that that fatal A. B. after my name does not stand for Another Bluestocking, to be spelled with "It's absurd," said the dark-eyed girl with em-

"It is," assented the other. "By the way, is your sensible man coming to-night? What are

you going to wear and how are you going to do

going to wear yellow silk. It's a new gown and has a lot of white lace in it, and I have white feathers for my hair. It took me hours to plan it, and madame says she hasn't had a prettier gown go out this fall. I centure to say it will look and madame says she hasn't had a pretter gown goout this fall. I centure to say it will look quite as well as any of the gowns that the out-and-out sceney guis will sear. But I know perfectly well what will happen Mr. X will say to Miss A main words perhaps, but in some other equally unmistakable language. You are looking radiant benight You are as fair as the Queen of Sheba, and in the matter of gowns, you might have given that lady hints. The dark-haired cirl paused.

"And what will be say in you, Betsy."

The fair haired girl smiled meanly as if the answer were a foregune conclusion. He will talk to ma was the teply. About—oh, you

tale smiling in sympathy in the window and scated lets.

The girl turned from the window and scated between the couch by her friend. I was just between the couch by her friend. I was just between the couch by her friend. ad as a knife blade. No one ever accused er of having two ideas at once, but she's as pretty is a picture and every man to night will tell her

There sonly one thing to do, said the dark-eyed gid with conviction. We'll apply the principle of the gold cure to the public. We will out frivol the frictions until they cry for quarter, and will begin to night. It's the way, don't you think the best way of curing your hair is over the steam of a teakettle. I have one on purpose. It's boiling now and we can both use it. I have to finish in the article, the, that's going to pay for this party. Isn't that the irony of circumstances? It won't take me more than a half an hour, though, and then we'll have an hour to dreen. She went have a hour to dreen. The composing a toast, "she said, "to be drunkly college women in empty teacups. I can't make series, but you can expand this into an the alterward. Here it is:

Minervas gone clean out of date.

Minerva's gone clean out of date, but we'll not follow after; We'll wach profit by her fate. And deal in curle and laughter.

Then fill your cups, you said A. B.'s We'll win this public mulish. The wis lom of our grave degrees, We'll use in being foolish."

Might Have Been More Independent.

From the Boston Burning Transcript, From the Boston Evening Transcript.

A Dorchester inward-bound car was recently sopped to allow a woman of middle age and with a severe cast of features to get on board, is the electric started, with the usual jerk, the southeast conductor put his open paim against the woman's back to support her, when she straptly turned round and snapped out. Shat are you doing? I can enter this car whout your assistance!" The astonished sudgetor was nearly staggered, but instantly storied. Well, madam, you came mighty starleaving the car without my assistance!"

Easily Settled. From the Chicago Daily News, Stern Father—So you want to marry my sughter, do you? Young Man (nervously)—Yes, sir. Young Man (nervously)—Yes, sir. Stern Pather—Thanks. Have a cigar.

A QUESTION OF TENSE. Effect of Mr. Singletary's Method of Teach-

Young John was chasing unknown quantities all over the dining room table in a vain and fleet ing hope that they might by some miracle be come known quantities in time for the lesson in algebra the next day. Mrs. Singletary always encouraged Johnny to go to his father when in such difficulties in the pursuit of education. For one thing it shifted the responsibility from her own shoulders and it encouraged the domestic radition that the head of the house was really

the source of the family opinions. "Say, Pop," said John Junior, from his vexing x-chasing, "there was one thing in algebra we all flunked on to-day, and the teacher told us that we must have it again to-morrer, and any feller that didn't know the answer would be kep in, and I mus'n't be kep' in to-morrer so's I can play on the scrub and I'm quarter and mebbe they'll take me on the school team. So won't you tell me what it is? I've worked all night on it and I can't make it out. Now, please, Pop." "Well, Johnny, what's the problem? If there's any chance that you can get off the scrub of course

we must all help."

"It ain't a problem, sir," the baffled x-chaser made haste to reply. "Problems are things with equations in them and funny conundrums, and we ain't over in equations yet; we've only got as far as fractions. The thing we've got to find out is what you call a fraction with x on top and y underneath, and not one of the fellers could answer the blame thing to day."

"That's not so very hard, Johnny, if you will only use your thinker a little. Suppose the frac-tion had x for the numerator and 4 for the denomnator; what does that amount to?"

"Oh, I know that," said the struggling mathematician. "We had that two lessons ago. It's

"Never mind that just figure it out yourself, continued Mr. Singletary, who had views on educational processes. "Don't you see that where the 4 was you now have a y." That ought to be

continued Mr. Singletary, who had views on educational processes. "Don't you see that where the 4 was you now have a y." That ought to be hint enough for you."

"I've got it now," said the bright boy. "It's one y-eth of x."

"There, Johnny," said his mother, "that's ever so much better than if your father had told you the answer. You've worked it out yourself, and you can't forget it."

"Vee'm; if I can remember it long enough for the lesson to-morrow I'll be all hunk. But Pop, honor bright, is that the right answer, fen jokes? I don't want to get kep' in, as I was this afternoon, for giving one of your answers that the teacher thought I was sassing her.

"Never mind that now, Johnny, dear, "his mother hastily interrupted. "It's struck nine aiready. As you go upstairs you can alip off your trousers in the half above and drop them over the rail, and I'll fix them for you. Say good-night to your father, and don't keep the gas burning."

It should be said that Mr. Singletary was not entirely confident in the result of his method in mathematics but he did not know what was wrong with it, and it seemed best to say nothing and let the youngster take his chances. Meanwhile his wife was waiting at the foot of the stairs for John Junior to comply with her directions and to see that he did not wake the younger children. She fumbled the descending raiment, and Johnny gave her the benefit of a loud whispered "Butter fingers."

When she had finished threading her needle and had found her thimble, which was not where she had left it, and then hunted up the scissors and bad fairly started on the application of adventitious fabric to her son's garment she took up the current of thought from the point where it had been interrupted by this domestic histus. "Yes, John Henry, she said, "you will have been longer only another teacher came in that she had promised to go shopping with and so she let Johnny off, but she said he had been imperiment to her and must never do it again of he would be sent those which and Tommy Doubleday, y

we saw that play when we were engaged. Don't you remember how grand it was and how he made

the Hall over.

Yes, indeed, it was very pretty and it was y nice of you to take me and I'd like to go to theater a great deal more now, but I don't how it's possible with the children to look r. But it was that Shakespeare that got may into trauble."
All I did was to show the boy that if his teacher isted on 'to-morrow will be,' still 'to-morrow was good enough for Shakespeare and a few repople. I believe I did say that Shakespeare brobably couldn't pass the examination a littly good grammar school teachers' cer-

insisted an 'oemorrow will be, still 'le-morrow is' was good enough for Shakespeare and a few other people. I believe I did say that Shakespeare probably couldn't pass the examination for a thirf grade grammar school teachers' ceruilleate in this city.

"Ye you did, and our Johnny told it to the teacher when they were reciting grammar and she made him take his seat and kept him after school and felt very much put out over it and now I don't know weether she will promote Johnny at the end of the term, and he is such a faithful student and gots his teasons so well that it would be a shame if she took a dislike to him and held him back. So, John Henry, do be careful not to tell the low anything that will get him into difficulties with his teacher, and I will go around to see left the morrow and explain it.

"Anyway" it shows that the youngster has plenty of sand, was his final comment, a emark which it is probable that Mrs. Singletary did not take in its full bearings.

POSTON'S LONE FISHERWOMAN. She Fishes Day After Day, Not for Pleas-ure, but for Fish.

From the Baston Herald. faction has a lone fisherwoman. The many past few days have seen her sitting, man fashion, on the end of an East Boston wharf holding a fishing time expectantly in her hand and with her eyes fixed on the water directly beneath her. She scarcely ever looks up and seems indifferent to the stares of the people on the passing boats. She enjoys the distinction of being the only woman among the many fishermen who fringe the edges of Boston's wharves from sunrise until sunset. She comes to the wharf almost daily at an early hour, with a small basket. She does not go home to dinner, but cats a light luncheon which she brings with her. Fishing is by no means simply a pleasure with her. To a reporter she said her fishing partly supported herself

and her two little children.
"I am not ashamed of my occupation," she went
on to say. "All kinds of weather finds me on the wharf. In the morning I take care of the house and send the children to school, and then I come down on the wharf and fish. I never suffer any annoyance. The men who cast their lines from the wharf treat me with the greatest

suiter any annoyance. The men who cast their lines from the wharf treat me with the greatest respect.

"How much do I get for my fish? Well, that depends. Sometimes I get as high as three cents apiece for good-sized flounders. My neighbors are my best customers."

The conversationwas interrupted by a slight shivering of the line. A quick jerk, a series of hand over hand motions and presently a big flounder was thrown upon the wharf. With much skill the fisher-woman pulled the hook from the grilisalof the flounder and threw the lish into the partly filled basket.

"Business is netty good to-day," she said, with a smile. "Everything, you know, depends upon luck in this business. I have sat here some days for hours without getting as much as a nibble, while those sitting beside me pulled in plenty of fish.

"Wet weather does not frighten me in the least. In fact, I njoy it, for the fish bite better.

"I would silvise very poor persons to take to fishing. With a bent hook and two cents worth of line one can get enough fish for food. Boston Harbor is filled with several kinds of fish and they are good eating. Fish hite at all hours, so one need not be afraid of the store closing. Nobody owns the ocean, and as long as the wharfinger desan't get crosse the flahermen should be contented."

Not Talking of the Past. From the Chicago Evening Post. "Will you marry me?" he asked.
"I told you once that I would not," she answered.
"Yes, but that was yesterday," he urged.

BODRIN AND THE MOUSE. The Beginning and End of a Compaign Against Four-Footed Pests.

"There's no use in talking," exclaimed Nehemial Bodkin, banker, philanthropist, economist and prospective candidate for Alderman, the other morning after breakfast, at the same time glancing knowingly at his wife. "There's no use talk ing," repeated Bodkin in a patronizing manner "this house has got to be rid of the multiplicity of perambulating, little, four-legged cussos, other-wise known as mice, that infest this place from cellar to attic. I tell you, Mrs. Bodkin, there has got to be a stop put to this nonsense, or else the neighbors will accuse us of running a rat incubater and doing our best to infest the neighbor-hood. But madam, this rat problem is about to

be solved and at the hands of Nehemiah Bodkin. "Why, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Bodkin, husband's economical streaks, "were you not aware that there are men who hire out as professional rateatchers who could clear our house of the peets in a few hours, and"-"Not another word," broke out Nehemiah, at

the same time endeavoring to increase his stature and casting withering glances at his wife, he almost roared: "Do you expect me to pay out good money to professional good for nothings, who couldn't catch a rat after it had been stricker with the blind staggers? No. Mrs. Bodkin, have decided to attend to this matter myself, and shall not call in any outsiders either."

With this remark, Bodkin arose from the table. He crossed to the opposite side of the room and opened the door into the vestibule just in time to the hall register. All the ire in Bodkin was at once aroused, and rushing over to the registe he slammed the shutter to with such force that he nearly tost his balance. Resuming his equilibrium, Bodkin surveyed the scene with a look of evident superiority. He had trapped one of square, and also to show Mrs. Bodkin that when Nehemiah Bodkin said he was going to rid the house of rata there was to be no fooling about it. Closing all the doors leading into the vestibule,

Closing all the doors leading into the vestibule, Bodkin donned his overcoat and gloves, the former to keep out the cold and the latter to protect his hands from gore. He considered that that particular mouse would be past history in about the smallest fraction of a second. Then seizing a poker from the kitchen he repaired to the scene of conflict. Mrs. Bodkin had in the meanume discovered what her husband was up to. She had heard the racket in the vestibule and surmised that operations were to be begun at once. Taking up a position at the head of a stairway, Mrs. Bodkin had a commanding view of the situation from behind a convenient portiere.

With a look of determination on his countenance Bodkin staiked over to the ergister and prepared to dispatch the offender on first sight. He removed the grating quickly, out jumped the mouse and kerwhack sounded the poker as it came in contact with the hardwood, floor, where the mouse had been a short time ago. But his mouseship hadn't given up the ghost by any means, it just frisked about that vestibule like a streak of greased lightning, finally taking up a position in the shelter of one of the massive legs of the hall stand.

of greased lightning, finally taking up a position in the shelter of one of the massive legs of the hall stand.

Bodkin, finding that he had not knocked the mouse into smithereens at the first whack, became furious and swore that the next blow would put the finishing touch on that mouse and no mistake. Turning about he espied the mouse under the stand, the animal being in the act of winking the other eye, or at least Bodkin thought so. Holding the poker high above his head Bodkin prepared for a magnificent finale. The pole of descended with terrific force, struck one of the carved legs of the stand, rebounded into space and proceeded to knock over the chandeller globes. Bodkin in the meanwhile was performing an acrobatic feat on the floor with a fleeing mouse and Mrs. Bodkin as the only witness.

Bodkin recovered himself in an instant, grasped the poker from the mass of broken glass and huried it at the fleeing mouse, the only result being to smash the umbrella holder. Now, Bodkin was mad in earnest. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his brow and sulphur-laden currents of atmosthere were being exhaled in all directions while the poker was whacking here and there, breaking the glass in the hall stand, backing the paint and plastering and leaving destruction in its wake. Just then, however, the mouse got in the way of a piece of flying debrits, and it was all over.

Bodkin was triumphant and waving the dead mouse aloft, he called for his wife, who thereupon emerged from her position at the rear of the portier and came limidly down the stairs.

"Behold what might hath done," was his salutation. "And now, Nehemiah Bodkin can depart for the office in peace. Meanwhile, my dear, you can send for a man to straighten out a few things which I have disturbed. Good-bye."

AMERICAN FLOWER BULBS.

was all about how to use 'to-morrow' in a sentence.

"Oh, yes, I know. The young rascal tried to catch me on that old quiz that you should not say 'to-morrow is but 'to-morrow will be for the reason that when 'to-morrow is, it 'will be to-day. I hope I make myseif plain."

"Oh, perfectly, replied Mrs. Singletary as ahe put the last anchor stuches in the patch. "But it got our hoy into trouble with his teacher, and it got our hoy into trouble with his teacher, and he is always so well behaved."

"What was wong about that? I made him hunt it up in Shakespeare, and see what he said. I more can hear the line To-morrow is Saint (rispian) without its bringing to mind the time frame without its bringing to mind the time that play when we were engaged. Don't we saw that play when we were engaged. Don't we saw that play when we were engaged. of trees, bushes, products of nurseries, cuttings and all other vegetables, or parts of living vegetables, and so forth, coming from the United States; this from the fear of the importation of

Large numbers of tuberose bulbs, some mill. Large numbers of tuberose bulbs some millions of them annually, are exported from this country to various European countries, including Germany, England, commonly France, Russia and Denmark. In some of the cooler countries or parts of Europe tuberoses are forced under glass. Many of the tuberose bulbs exported from the United States are grown in North Carolina. Of the bulbs of fillies cultivated here there are exported to various European countries some millions annually; and there are exported in the aggregate in large numbers, bulbs, either grown or collected, of plants indigenous to some part of the country as to Colorado, or to California. These include, for example, the bulbs of a considerable variety of California tulips and the bulbs of various rare and beautiful plants. Besides the larger exportations of American bulbs, chiefly to the various European countries, there are exported many scattering smaller loss of bulbs to various other countries in different parts of the world as for example, to Japan and China. Not a week passes in which New York seedsmen and florists do not receive orders for American bulbs, and so on, from somewhere around the world. There are exported also more or less flower seeds and tree seeds.

This is the season in which the torists send out catalogues of new things. If a European florist, for instance, has produced a new rose, or anything else that is new, it goes on a picture and a description of it, into this catalogue, which he sends to florists in other countries. The American forist does the same thing. From these catalogues forists everywhere select for purchase the things that are beautiful or otherwise desirable, and that are adapted to their climates. ions of them annually, are experted from this

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

A Livelihood Gained from the Feminine Sense of Jumping at a Good Thing. "I met a woman not long ago on the road," a point or two on how a bright woman can make her way in the world. She was a widow, with

two children to support and was housekeeper of an Indianapolis hotel until her health failed. She had to give it up at last, though she tried to hold on, for that was all she knew how to do, and she retired with only \$100 or so to go on. Not knowing exactly whither to turn, she went to knowing exacity whither to turn, she went to New York city and just wandered around for a while, looking at things. One day she saw the women crowding the life out of one another at a hargain sale of skirts, and a thought struck her She let it develop for a day or two, and then spent all the money she had for silk skirts that were destined for the horgain counter. They were rumpled and looked jaded and tired, but she took them as they were at small figures and carried them to her rooms. There she ironed and pressed them out till they looked like new, and then went out into the suburban towns to sell them. She found ready purchasers at good prices, and came back for more. These she made as good as new and had no trouble in disposing of her stock.

She added shirt waists next and then began getting shop-worn silka, remnants and that kind of stock, and gradually increased her territory hiring somebody to do the renovating while she was attending to the buying and selling. She has been at it three or four years, and in that time has built up a trade that is paying her this year between \$500 and \$600 a month. She has her children at good schools; has a nice little home in one of the suburban towns, which she owns and is about the thriftiest and most businesslike woman I ever saw. No training either to begin with, just the woman's sense of jumping at a good thing and getting it. New York city and just wandered around for a

From the Cincinnati Enquirer. Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 11.—Baxed footprints will be introduced as evidence by Detectives Dundon and O'Nelli in a case in which Bert Baldwin was arrested on the charge of burgiarising the Raris manufacturing plant in this city. The detectives arrested Baldwin because the shore he wore fitted certain tracks found where the burgiary had been committed. The footprints have been dug up and baked, and will be given the Court.

FADS OF GIRL STUDENTS.

QUEER REAR-WINDOW EXHIBITIONS AT SMITH COLLEGE. Effect of a Rage for Hair Washing-Shirt walsts in Midwinter-Snowshoe Parties and Smudgepan Coasting Games of Marbles and Topspinning in the Spring.

Nowhere else are fads taken up so quickly and dropped so suddenly as at a woman's college These fads, as a rule, do not come from the out side world, but originate in the college itself and and make the campus and the co lege houses seem part of another sphere. The girls enthus astically take up everything from a dog colla belt to the latest chafing-dish concection, and it is only a short time from the day when the fac is first introduced before the whole college is wedded to it. Thus early in the spring all Smith Col-

tege went mad over dog-collar belts, and there

the tall, dignified senior but wore one of these

hardly a girl from the tiniest freshman to

spiked circles clasped around her waist A fad which sweeps back and forth over the Smith student body throughout the entire year is washing the hair. When this wave is at its height the college might be the abode of Blue beard, judging from the appearance of the cam pus bouses. From the rear windows of each building depend wet masses of hair with some times a neck also visible. If the house is a large one, there's may be three tiers of heads, a row for each floor, and as the wind catches these locks, blonde, brunette, brown, auburn and ordinary man who once had a glimpse of this rear-window mured to his companion, "I wonder what sort of cigars go with 'em." It is only the students method of drying their halr and a visit insid-

the college house at this time would reveal many maldens in dressing sacks, with towels pinned around their shoulders, seated on window seats, with their heads thrown far back against the window sill. In order to improve their time, they are studying Kent or Wordsworth, holding the book high in the air so that they may read in their reclining position.

This halr-washing mania spreads almost like an epidemic. It is only necessary for a student to appear at recitation with her locks unusually tumbled and unruly for her comrades to know that she has been having a shampoo and the chances are that every girl in the class will devote part of that very afternoon to doing likewise Thus the epidemic spreads through the entire

chances are that every girl in the class will devote part of that very afternoon to doing likewise. Thus the epidemic spreads through the entire campus house and creeps from one house to another. Such performances have not resulted at Smith in more abundant treases. On the contrary, the girls often complain at the way their hair falls out, but they would smiff at the surgestion that is was due to too much washing. The fudge craze is always on at Smith. From fall to spring plates of this trying brown candy perch around in almost every room and the students never grow tired of fudge parties.

It has been a fad at Smith for some time to wear summer shirt waists in the dead of winter. When cold weather first comes the students gladly don their winter clothes, but with a cold snap appears a young woman in a white shirt waist. This is the signal, and during a month of the coldest weather the college appears in summery shirt waists of rink, blue and white.

Another custom followed by the Smith girls in the winter months is to go to and from recitations, and, in fact, all about the campus without outside wraps. Whether it is their pride or their brisk manner of walking that keeps them warm, certain it is that there is practically no illness and few severe colds among the students. The women of the faculty follow this custom of the students to some extent by going without hats. For ordinary street wear in winter the students are very fond of bright-colored golf capes, and at one time asked for nothing better for headgear than a Tam O'Shanter cap. With such senouting and the warring a pair of red mittens attached to a string in the tashion of her roughest winter weather and heartily enjoys plowing through snowdritts and being blown about by the wind. Turing the winter she never thinks of carrying an umberila and seidem during the summer. Being covered all over with snow is fun and she beiteves that the certain and takes Smith Cillege and heartily enjoys plowing through snowdrits and heartily enjoys plowing through snowdr

shops for little "pig stickers," which they use boy fashion, and, stretched out their, endre length, shoot over the ground with rapidity.

If the winter is one which brings a hard, icy crust on the snow the students devote their snare moments to wheeling. The smooth, icy surface makes ideal cycling, and little drifts lend a humpy excisement so the sport. On sunny afternoons the Northampton meadows are full of wheelwomen, who amuse themselves and spectators with racing and exhibitions of fancy riding.

With the spring come far different amusements. No seconer is the frost out of the ground than marbles become popular. Then chalk circles appear on the walk, and groups of four or five girls stoop earerly around them shooting marbles with the skill of the small boy. Some of the girls become very much attached to these toys and carry bags of them, swapping at intervals. When knuckles have become sore and backs lame from this sport the girls take to spinning tops. This requires so much skill that often small boys of the town are enticed in to do a little tutoring. When a girl has mastered the art she lingers on the walks between the cristions to spin, and at the sound of the warning bell gathers up top and string and shows them away in her pocket until she has another moment of leisure.

Rolling hoops is also a spring amusement. There are little hoops and big hoops, and freshman and senior alike indulge in this sport. Kite flying is also in vogue at this season, and some of the kites are works of art, as the girls generally make their own. There are kites with hideous faces, and kites representing some pretty girl, and animals often appear in the shapes of these toys. The new box kite, which was so popular at the seashore last year, has been favorably regarded by the students, and will probably be adopted next spring.

As the summer wears on baseball is the fad. Each house has a nine, each class has a nine, and the rivalry between them is verty high. The teams pracuse after supper, and while the decisions of the umpi

Prehistoric Mummies in a Cave. From the Dallas Morning News. George Wold of Waco, while hunting lost cattle in the eastern portion of El Paso county, near the boundary line of Texas, and New Mexico

the boundary line of Texas. and New Mexico discovered a cave which appearances indicate was the burial place of ancient people.

The cave may have been artificially hollowed out of a hig rock at the foot of one of the Guadalupe hills near the State border. The appearance of the entrance and the regularity of the interior portion of the hollow in the rock suggests that it was either partially or wholly made by hand. The walls are scratched with something that may be hieroglyphics made by an extinct race, and if some savant acquainted with those obsolete writings should go there he might discover that there are the epitaphs of the dead persons whose remains are stillfto be found scattered on the floor and in niches.

When Mr. Wold and his companions entered the cavern they found that other explorers had preceded them and portions of the mummified bodies had been removed. There were seven, thoroughly dried up, and one of them is a female, thoroughly dried up, and one of them is a female. The latter relic Mr. Wold appropriated, and he brought a portion of it, including the left hand and a portion of the arm with him. The tapering fingers and symmetry of the hand made the cowboys believe it might have been a person of aristocratic lineage, possibly a queen of a tribe interred among the bodies of her autendants.

Everything indicates that centuries have passed since those people died and were wrapped in grass cloth and laid away in this immense grotto, the existence of which only became known within the last two years by reason of the caving in of the stones which had been piled up at the entrance.

From the Chicago Tribune. Physician—I shall have to limit you to seven speeches a day hereafter.

Free Sliver Orator (in alarm)—That's too sweeping a reduction, doctor! You ought to let me taper off gradually!

Comparative Apathy. From the Detroit Free Press. "She refused me point blank."
"Did she give any reason?"
"Yes; she said I didn't look half as eager and interested when I proposed as I did when making a rush at footbail."

HOW AUNT PATSET PROPOSED. The Very Novelty of Her Method Precluded

"I was never a strong advocate of the idea that women ought to propose," said the man of experience. "It seems as though it were a reversaof the proper order of things. Still, I know one woman who took matters neglected by a bashful suitor into her own hands, and she wound up the ousiness so neatly and in so novel a manner that she won plaudits from everybody who heard of the incident. This woman was known the country over as Aunt Pausey Mitchell. As I remember Aunt Patsey, she was decidedly a character When I was a youngster she must have been in the neighborhood of fifty. She was very tall and very homely with one exception. She had the prettiest soft white hair I ever set eyes on. Harum-scarum school boys seldom take much interest in old ladies' hair, no matter how soft and white it may be, but that case was an exception, and so fine to me, at that time, as Aunt Pateey's head which for fluffy daintiness could outrivel any basket of wool fresh from the carder's hands.

"Partly because of her hair and partly because of her natural goodness of heart all we young sters loved Aunt Patsey, yet in spite of our affec-tion, the fiendish impulses latent in the hearts of all children would creep to the surface every lit tle while and we would torment her with all sorts of impudent questions. Our favorite query was 'Aunt Patsey, don't you ever intend to get mar ried" Instead of sending us about our business at those times as most women would have don under similar circumstances, Aunt Patsey would let her most prominent peculiarity come to the front and invariably she would make answer 'Yes, when I get ready.' This answer would always stagger inquisitive visitors, but it never intimidated us into silence, and, 'When are you going to get ready. Aunt Patsey?" would come blundering along presently. To this second ques tion Aunt Patsey also had a set reply. 'I can' just tell, she would say gravely. 'But I've got my man picked out. He doesn't know I've fixed my mind on him. Nobody knows it. But every body'll know who it is, by and by. If he don't find out who I mean by the time I get ready, why I'll have to study up some way to tell him."

"These dialogues were of never failing interes youthful inquisitors and they were rehearsed versations were always repeated verbatim, far versations were always repeated verbatim. far and wide, and they kept the curosity of the neighborhood keyed up to a high pitch. Every man known to Aunt Patsey, eligible or otherwise, was subjected to a critical examination in the hope of discovering who was the lucky one Aunt Patsey had "fixed her mind on," but as she never showed the slightest preference either in manner or word, for any particular man, the neighbors were at a loss to come to a decision and it finally devolved upon Aunt Patsey to indicate the man of her choice. This she did in a characteristically pseculiar way.

of the whole fish, and of steaks and blocks, would vary in about that proportion whatever the actual prices might be.

Green salmon may now be had in this market, from one source and another, almost the year to not source and another, almost the year to not source and souther, almost the year to not source and source; so that salmon, at some price, may now be had here always. Larger fishes, of the various kinds, appear to do better in cold storage than smaller fishes do, the cold seeming to freeze more or less the flavor out of smaller fishes; and among the larger kinds the royal salmon perhaps stands this test the best, with the least impairment of its qualities.

While salmon reaches at times, the highest price of any fish in the market the fishes of the highest average prices are Spanish mackerel, kingfish and pompano. These three fishes soil each, right along, when they are in market, at 35 or 40 cents a pound, and up to 60 cents, and sometimes for \$1 a pound. They are always high priced, and even an influx of any one of them, would scarcely affect the price much; people don't seem to expect low prices on these fishes.

Long Island trout at the first of the season sell at an average of about 75 cents a pound, they may bring \$1 a pound for the first day or two after the trout season opens. They go down from 75 cents to 60 cents, which might be called the average low price. Trout get down somitimes as low as 40 cents, but it is asid it does not pay to sell them for less, that when they would have to be sold, if sold at all, for less than 40 cents the grower would prefer to carry them over in his preserves until the next season. The trout season opens here on April 28. The greatest demand for trout is in the months of May and June. After that comparatively few are caten, at some hotels they are taken off the bill of fare, so that practically the season of the trout is shorter than that of any of the other high priced fishes. were at a loss to come to a decision and it finally devolved upon Aunt Patsey to indicate the man of her choice. This she did in a characteristically peculiar way.

"Aunt Patsey lived alone in a big red brick house situated on the New Eichmond turn pike about half way between New Eichmond and Batavia. This house was surrounded by an immense yard. The yard at one time was well shaded, but the trees had been felled one by one until nothing remained standing but a few cedar trees and one monstrous oak. This oak shood in a corner not far from the front fence. It was the most perfect specimen of fine, asymmetrical forest tree to be found in that part of the country, and Annt Patsey had always been very proud of it. It's a grand type of endurance, she had often been heard to say. Why, perfect as that tree is, it ought to be still standing five hundred years from now. Knowing those to be her sentiments the surprise of the neighbors was unbounded when it was learned that Aunt Patsey had sent for two wood-cutters and ordered them to chop down the oak three feet from the ground.

"This destruction of the great tree in its prime naturally caused much comment. A few days after it had been felled and dragged away I was walking past Aunt Patsey's bouse in company with Walter Craig. Craig was a man who had managed our farm for several years. Taken in his entirety Craig presented a very odd appearance, but his most striking single feature was his mouth. This organ was kept wide open day and night, sleeping or waking. Craig really had very good, sound sense especially in all matters periaining to the management of a farm, but his gaping mouth gave him an appearance of idiocy which greatly belied him in the opinion of the neighbors. But, however much he might be ridiculed by others I had firm faith in his judgment, so when he proposed that day that we 'stop and see Aunt Patsey, said Craig. I don't want to be pryin', but I would like to know what you had that tree whacked over for."

"For a moment Aunt Patsey seemed embarrassed.

people hereabouts that'd like to know that very same thing.

"I reckon,' said Craig, 'there is,

"Well, returned Aunt Patsey.'I don't wish any of 'em any harm, so I do hope they won thold their hreath till they find out. Not but what they're goin' to know some day, for they are, but they'll have to bide my time.

"Craig modded respectfully. 'And what you goin' to do with the stump, Aunt Patsey?' he asked. 'You ought to have that drug up by the roots.

"I oughtn't do anything of the kind,' retorted Aunt Patsey. I've made all my call'ations re-

"I oughin't do anything of the kind.' retorted Aunt Patsey. The made all my callations regardin' that stump, an' I certainly don't callate to have it drug out.

"Well, then, suggested Craig. I'd train honey-suckles or something round it next summer. It don't look very well standing up there, rough and uneven, like that.

"Aunt Patsey tooked at Craig quitzically." That was in the fall. All winter the oak stump stood in Aunt Patsey's front yard, bleak and drear, but early in the spring two men who were used to 'clearing off' were called in for a consultation, and Aunt Patsey gave them instructions to burn out the heart of the stump. A week later the only thing remaining of the prize oak was an outer shell about three inches thick.

"I'm goin' to get some bees," said Aunt Patsey, when Craig and I stopped at her gate soon after ward and asked her about the skeleton. I've always wanted a swarm, an' I callate to turn his stump into a hive for 'em. I'll have the top all roofed over. It seems to me it'll be a real handy place for 'em.

"The following day Aunt Patsey went into town. She was gone a week, and when she returned she was grone a week, and when she returned she was grone a week, and when she re-

"The following day Aunt Patsey went into town. She was gone a week, and when she returned she was provided with a box full of chisela and other bools, of whose use even the village carpenter was ignorant. When the first warm spring days came Aunt Patsey began her work on the unique bechive. For two weeks she labored diligently, cutting and chiseling the hard wood with rare skill and patience. By and by it became apparent that the side of the hive facing the turnpike was taking on the semblance of a human face. Aunt Patsey smiled grinly when Craig leaned over the fence one night and asked her whose portrait she was carving. apparent that the side of the hive facing the turnpike was taking on the semblance of a human face. Annt Patsey smiled grimly when Craig leaned over the fence one night and asked her whose portrait she was carving.

"It's the face of the man I'm goin' to marry,' she said, succincily.

"This report spread rapidly, and thereafter Aunt Patsey's open air studio was thronged with people anxious to discover through the lineaments of the sculptured face some clue to the identity of the intended husband. I don't know anything about the work of professional sculptors, but I will venture to say that there isn't an artist in New York who could bring his work so near to completion that it would require but a few finishing touches to produce a most striking likeness, and yet keep people in the dark as to who the model was. But that was what Aunt Patsey did. One day when the wilight came Aunt Patsey laid aside her chiesls and the crowd went home as much at sea as ever as to whom she intended to marry. The next morning there were a few deft touches and we saw before us as if in life, the southing eyes, the flaring cars, the high forchead and the gaping mouth of Craig. I had been sent down to the village store for some groceries and was one of the first persons to make the wonderful discovery. My bare feet scarcely touched the turnpike as I ran home to tell the news. I found craig, I gasped, 'it's you. Annt Patsey was carving your face. It's you she's going to marry.

"Craig drotped the lines and his mouth flew wider open than ever. I laughed like a little fiend, 'She's left your mouth open just like that. I went on. 'She says that's where the bees a re to go in at.

"Craig add never a word even then. He left the horses standing in the furrow and ran out to the pike and started toward Aunt Patsey's on the lope. I fairly achied to follow, but for once I considered prudence a good guide and staved and washed the horses.

"It was past noon when Craig returned. It's all un with me, he said, solemnly.' It does look like me. It real

Maine's Deaf Mute Hunter. BANGOR, Me., Nov. 18.-Frank B. Flagg of Bangor, Me., Nov. 18.—Frank B. Flagg of Belfast is said to be the only deaf mute hunter in Maine. He has lived in the woods since boyhood and is unusually successful, remarkable acuteness of other senses making up for his inability to speak or hear. He is an expert markaman and has a number of medals won with his rifle. He has killed moose, deer, carlbou, bears, catamounts, wildeats, eagles, wolves, foxes, partridges, hawks, raccoons and other game.

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CONTLY FOOD FISHES.

The costlicat fish offered in the market is sal-

mon, which at times sells, for the whole fish,

at from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a pound. Salmon is ordi-

narily at i s lowest price here in the latter part of October and early in November; when the

Pacific Coast supply, brought here in refrigerator cars, is most plentiful. It may go down

then to 18 cents a pound for the whole fish, or even

less; the price has been down to 15 cents and even

season of Kennebec salmon opens about May

occasional Kennebec salmon is taken, with other

ishes, and these few early fish are the ones that

bring the fancy prices of \$1.25 and \$1.50 a pound for the whole fish. These are rarely sold to fam-

ilies, but usually to hotels and clubs whose cater

ers or stewards are on the lookout for just such

For cuts of salmon the prices are, of cours

is cut up there is to the dealer the waste of the

head and tail. When, for instance, salmon is

square block out of the middle, for boiling, would

sell for 40 cents a pound, and the relative prices

of the whole fish, and of steaks and blocks, would vary in about that proportion whatever the actual

ADVERTISED A POTATO SHOW,

a riot in the town of Fort Pairfield, Aroostook county, last week, and some of the people are still looking for him with revengeful designs.

MR. LEEPER'S WILD RIDE.

Two Hours Aloft on the Fan of a Buzzing Windmill. From the San Prancisco Examiner.

Not long ago Mr. Leeper, alias "Boota" built nimed a tall barn that was the pride of Fruitvale. The builder also shingled the structure at old times, climbing to work by means of a ladder inside the walls. On the day he completed the job Mr. Leeper thoughtlessly nailed shingles over the opening above the ladder, thus shutting

off all means of escape. Mr. Leeper yelled for

help, but his folks were away from home and the

neighbors thought he was celebrating the com-pletion of the barn. The Fruitvale Hook and

25 cents a pound for the whole fish, steaks, or a

to 121, cents a pound for the whole fish.

New York

AT THE AQUARIUM Salmon, at Some Seasons, the Most Ex A Lively Newcomer in the Pool of the

> There is a newcomer in the harbor seals' pool at the Aquarium, this one being a july little fellow, down from Glen Island, where it spent the summer. It came originally from the waters of New Hampshire. It is a little less than a year old, and it is not quite so but as the smaller of the wo seals that for a year or more before this one's

coming had had the pool to themselves.

The newcomer is quite tame and it comes up on the platform at the end of the pool to be fed as readily as the older seals do. It performs at such times a playful little trick of its own. The food that is fed to the seals, usually strips of cut up fish, codfish or berring, or both, is brought to the pool in a tin bucket, which is dipped into the water and partly filled before beginning to feed from it. The water moistens the food and makes it easier to swallow, and also equalizes its temperature. When the other day the man who feeds them stooped on the platform to reach down and dip the bucket , the new seal, already up there and wanting to be fed, nipped the edge of his coal between its teeth and began pulling at it, not viciously, but in a friendly sort of way, as much

"Look here now! Don't let's waste too much ime wetting that food: I'm hungry!"

And it does the same thing when all three of he seals are up on the platform at once, being feed hands a piece of fish to one, and then a piece o another, and so on around; but if the new seal thinks it has been passed over, or not served promptly enough, it calls attention to itself by tugging at his coat. The older seals have rewell together. With this addition to the number of its occupants the harbor seal pool is a greater attraction than ever. There is a fringe of people around it always.

MRS JIM, DAWSON'S UNDERTAKER. Woman's Wit Brings Fortune to Her Busband After a Struggle. "There have been many stories come out of

he Klondike country of the people who have made

fortunes there. Some have been of moving, some of packing, some of gambling, some of salcon ing, some of feeding the hungry and so on; but none of undertaking, so far as I have neard, and I know of a man and his wife who have got rich I know of a man and his wife who have got rich by burying people." Thus spoke a Seattle man who had been at I know since the beginning.

"It was really the wife who did it," he continued, "and her story is interesting. Her husband, whom she greatly admires and affectionately calls 'dim,' was a worker in an undertasking establisment, and when the rush began towards the gold diggings, she hustled him out and came along to take one of him. At Skermay, seme friend gave her a lean and lank little Essime dog, broken to harness, and apparently broken in health. At least, he could scarcely drag himself around, but his new owner cuddled him up carefully and by the time she was ready to go on the road the dog was able to pull a fair sled lead.

"So she and her husband and the dog which she had named 'lim' as a compliment to her liego, started on their long, hard journey. They get along quite as well as, or better than, many others on the trail, and when the first telligate was reached the woman's wit manifested itself still more. She was in advance with the dog and the sled, her husband watching the remainier of their goods some distance back. The telligate keep relocked her over a minute, took a squint at her measily little dog, and frankly told her that he would be darned if a lone woman like that would have to pay to go through his gave and he sent her along free of cost. Shilling and thankful she passed on and unloaded a mile or so further and came hack to her husband alter another lead. Telling him to stay right there till she had brough it everything through free, she finished the job, and sim by burying people." Thus spoke a Scattle man Dickert Skipped Out When Wrathful Exhibitors Not in the Joke Applied. BANGOR, Me., Nov. 17.—A peculiar sort of crank named GeorgeDickert came near causing

Dickert for years has had a scheme for holding a potato show—a general exposition of the resources of Arosstsok, and this year he somehow got hold of enough money to advertuse his scheme all over the eastern part of the United States. To those who knew Dickert the whole thing passed as a joke, but many people outside of Fort Pairfield thought the show would be held as advertised and that it would be a great thing—for the prospectus was simply stunning.

Agents of manufacturers of agricultural machinery came from as far away as Albany to make exhibits, and they expected to find a big show and a gathering of prospectu farmers from all over Aroostook. When they found out the fraud they simply swore and took the next train out, for Dickert had fled and there was no use in trying to find him. In connection with the potato show Dickert had advertised a baby show with valuable prizes, and this drew crowds of women with babies from all over the county. At noon on the day advertised for the baby show with valuable prizes, and their wrath when they found out that there was no show and no prizes was something terrible. If they could have laid hands

all with babies, and their wrath when they found out that there was no show and no prizes was something terrible. If they could have lad hands on Dickert they would have torn him limb from limb, but he had crossed over the line into New Brunswick and was safe from harm.

One woman had walked all the way from Caribou with an eighteen-pound baby, and she swears that she will haunt Dickert's path until she finds him and "gets satisfaction out of his carcass." After a few more misadventures in his own inimitable style, as the programmes say, the people of Fruitvale may ask Alsinus Gustavus Leeper to give regular performances. He is so original in his method of mixing up with trouble.

up, grinning and satisfied. And so it was all the way to Dawson. That waman was a wonder, and Jim was gradder every minute that she was his wife.

"Arrived on the spot, they did not know just that to do at first, never thinking of the undertaking business which they had run away from but one day a man died on the creek where they were and there wasn t anybody in particular to bury him. This was the little woman's chance, and she hustled Jim out after the job. He got it, of course, and was at work building a coffin. He turned out a very good one, got everything ready in true professional style, and the funeral was a great's coess. Jim god \$250 for his efforts, and Jim's wife knew what their mission was in the klondike.

"Other funerals followed, and Jim got them, and took in \$200 or \$300 for each one. Now and them a man would die whose friends wished his body sent outside, and for this kind Jim got \$800. In the winter it was impossible to take bodies cut, and Mrs. Jim arranged a cold corner in their calvin where she had the waiting boxes piled up, with a portiere drawn over them to make them more ornamental, and there they remained until spring.

"Graved digging was hard work in the winter and it required two or three days of thawing and digging to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was when it was necessary. One winter night word came to Jim's cabin to come six or seven miles over the mountain to look after a man who had died. Jim was not at home, but Mrs. Jim was again to get a grave sufficiently deep for its purpose. A little incident will show what kind of a business woman Mrs. Jim was again the solid to come six or seven miles over the mountain to look after a man who had died. Jim was not at home, but Mrs. Jim was again the look and the little dogs to his sled, took her lantern and started over the snow and the mountain, entirely alone in the darkness of an arctic winter. She arrived at the place without mishap and the little do

KIPLING IN JAPAN.

Ris Impressions of the Ten Houses and the Geishn tilris. From the Kohe Herald.

Geisha Girls.

From the Kobe Hevald.

Rudyard Kipling made one voyage around the world avowelly as a gibb tratter. It was in 1889. He was at that time a reporter for the Pioneer, published at Allohobad, and also did work for the Millary travelle. In the early spring of that year he set out by way of thing and Japan to visit America and England. A regular intervals he wrote leiters describing what he saw. "Nagasaki is inhabited emirrly by children. The grown-ups exist on sufferance. A four-foot child walks with a three foot child, who carries on her back a one-foot child, who but you will not believe me if I say that the scale cruss down to savinch little Jap dolls, such as they used to sell in the Hurlington Areade. These of also wriggle and laugh. They are thel up in a bine bederoon which is tied by a sash, which again they up the decrement of the carrier. Thus, if you under that sash, baby and but little bigger brother are at once perfectly maked. I saw a mather do this and it was for all the world like the pering of hund bailed experiments. His description of his first wit in a ten house is very amissing.

It assure you there is no dignity in sitting down on the steps of a ten house and stringting with muddy boots. And it is impossible to be politic in your stockinged feet when the lost under you is as smooth as a lass and a pretty pri wants to know when you would have their a geast lifth, in cheap sariget brown things, with a darn at the heel, and try to talk to a ten will be not stand, as I did, in cheap sariget brown things, with a darn at the heel, and try to talk to a ten will be ready to the clubs and messes, have you come this way. Get them in the defended and him to deep sariget brown things, with a darn at the heel, and try to talk to a ten will be a possible to a politic in cheap sariget brown things, with a darn at the heel, and try to talk to a ten will be a first who are polity girl to fill your pipe and har to additive you in an unknown tongue. You do not show what life is. I looked around me a

help, but his folks were away from home and the neighbors thought he was celebrating the completion of the barn. The Fruitvale Hook and Ladder Company finally turned out and rescued Mr. Leeper.

While this incident boomed the industrious citizen as a public entertainer, it was but a feeble show compared with his windmill adventure yesterday afternoon. The mill buzzes above a tank at the top of a forty-foot skeleton tower in the back yard, jumping water for Mr. Leeper's pigeons and other live stock.

It think the bearings need oil, said Boots, with the wind in this direction the fan is right over the tank where I can climb up and oil the places.

Crawling up the tower frame with his oil can. Mr. Leeper got astride of the fan, or tail of the windmill. He was busy offling when the breeze shifted six points and swung him clear of the tank road. The wind also freshened and the lubricant in the journals induced the mill to brace up and soin at the rate of thirty knots an hour.

Help' shricked Mr. Leeper; but the rattling machinery drowned his voice.

The wind shifted again until the direction of the fan from the time the oiler mounted it was entirely reversed. Instead of riding above the tank, Mr. Leeper bucked and wriggled and swayed in midsir on the rator-backed fan, forty feet from the ground. This was a condition of deadly peril, even for a man who had marooned himself on a barn. Mr. Leeper's hair and whiskers curled with terror. There was nothing to do but cling to the upper eige of the fan, and this he did so fondly that his finger mails made scars in the paint. The mill grew fractious and bucked like a Wild West broncho

"If I only had my spurs on," walled the dirzy man, "or even a gunny-sack for a saidle, I might hold out till the breeze shifts again.

Meanwhile his criss had attracted the family and a crowd of neighbors some of whom wanted to be on the finish.

"Throw her out of gear and stop the mill," the daring rider bellowed from his bounding perch.

The ladder was useless, for the fam swayed too much to